



W. B. 1608

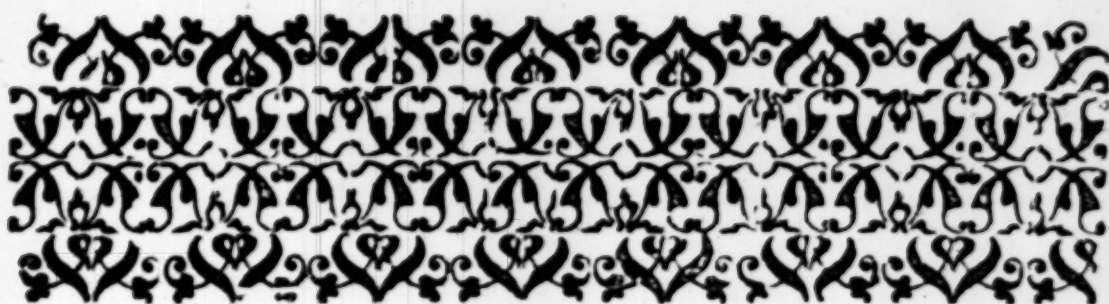
THE
MERRY DEVILL
OF
EDMONTON.

*As it hath beene sundry times Acted,
by his Maiesties Seruants, at the
Globe, on the banke-side.*



LONDON
Printed by Henry Ballard for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling
at the signe of the white-horse in Paules Church
yard, ouer against the great North
doore of Paules. 1608.

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The merry Deuill of Edmonton.

The Prologue.

Our silence and attention worthy friends, (sense,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing
Relish the life of this our active sceane,
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our inuoking spellles,
If that your listning eares be yet prepar'd
To entertayne the subiect of our play,
Lend vs your patience.
Tis *Peter Fabell* a renowned Scholler,
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middle-sex his birth and his abode,
Not full seauen mile from this great famous Citty
That for his fame in sleights and magicke won,
Was calde the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any heere make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh vnto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old antient Church
His monument remaineth to be seene;
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he liude he could deceiue the Deuill.
Imagine now that whilst he is retirde,
From Cambridge backe vnto his natieue home,
Suppose the silent sable visage night,

The merry Devill

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,
And whilst he sleepest within his silent bed,
Toylde with the studies of the passed day :
The very time and houre wherein that spirite
That many yeeres attended his commaund ;
And often times twixt Cambridge and that towne,
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the curtaines.*
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.
Behold him heere laide on his restless couch,
His fatall chime-prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these fable sights,
And by him stands that Necromanticke chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will,
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show. *Exit.*

*The Chime goes, in which time Fabell is oft seene to stare about
him, and hold vp his hands.*

Fa. What meanes the tolling of this fatall chime,
O what a trembling horror strikes my hart ?
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a porcupine.

Enter Coreb a Spirit.

Co. Fabell awake, or I will beare thee hence headlong
to hell.

Fab. Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me ?

Coreb, is it thou ?

Cor. Tis I.

Fa. I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,
With hollow howling tell of thy approach,
The lights burne dim, affrighted with thy presence :
And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Deuill.

Cor. Come, art thou ready ?

Fab.

of Edmonton.

Fab. Whither? or to what?

Cor. Why Scholler this the houre my date expires,
I must depart and come to claime my due.

Fa. Hah, what is thy due?

Cor. *Fabell*, thy selfe,

Fab. O let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amaine,
And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill,
Take but so much as she can beare away,
That euery day thus losing of my load,
I may againe in time yet hope to rise.

Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?
And drewst the formall deed twixt thee and mee,
And is it not recorded now in hell?

Fa. Why comst thou in this sterne and horred shape?
Not in familiar sort as thou wast wont.

Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee.

Fa. *Coreb*, thou angry and impatient spirit,
I haue earnest busines for a priuate friend,
Reserue me spirit vntill some further time.

Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fa. Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,
Dispatch some busines that I haue to doe,
And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.

Cor. *Fabell*, I will.

Sit downe.

Fa. O that this soule that cost so great a price,
As the deere pretious blood of her redeemer,
Inspirde with knowledge, should by that alone
Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers,
Euen lead him downe into the depth of hell,
When men in their owne pride strue to know more
then man should know!

For this alone God cast the Angells downe,
The infinity of Arts is like a sea,

In'o

The merry Deuill

Into which when man will take in hand to faile
Further then reason, which should be his pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compasse,
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,
As he doth lose the very sight of heauen:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbor,
The further still he finds himselfe from land,
Man striming still to finde the depth of euill,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Deuill.

Cor. Come *Fabell* hast thou done?

Fab. Yes, yes, come hither.

Cor. *Fabell*, I cannot.

Fab. Cannot, what ailes your hollownes?

Cor. Good *Fabell* helpe me.

Fab. Alas where lies your grieve? some Aqua-vitz,
The Deuill's very sicke, I feare hee'le die,
For he lookes very ill.

Cor. Darst thou deride the minister of darkenes?
In Lucifers dread name *Coreb* coniuers thee
To set him free.

Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Vnles thou giue me libertie to see,
Seauen fiends more before thou sease on mee.

Cor. *Fabell*, I giue it thee.

Fab. Swear damned fiend.

Cor. Vnbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till seauen yeares from this houre be full expired.

Fab. Enough, come out.

Cor. A vengeance take thy art,
Liue and conuert all piety to euill,
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Deuill;
No time on earth like Phaetentique flames,
Can haue perpetuall being. Ile returne
To my infernall mansion, but be sure
Thy seauen yeeres done, noe tricke shall make me carry,
But *Coreb*, thou to hell shalt *Fabell* carry.

Exit.

Fab. Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

Thou

of Edmonton.

Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my friends.

Exit.

*Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Milliscent his daughter,
young Harry Clare, the men booted, the gentlewomen in
cloakes and safe-guardes, Blague the merry host
of the Georg comes in with them.*

Host. **V**elcome good knight to the George at Walthā,
My free-hold, my tenements, goods, & chattels,
Madam heer's a roome is the very Homer and Iliads of a lodg-
ing, it hath none of the foure elements in it, I built it out of the
Center, and I drinke neere the lesse sacke.

Welcome my little wast of maiden-heads, what?
I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Clare. God a mercie my good host *Blague*,
Thou hast a good seate here.

Host. Tis correspondent or so, there's not a *Tartarian*
Nor a Carrier, shall breath vpon your geldings,
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,
And they shall not sweat in my linnen.
Knights and Lords too haue bene drunke in my house,
I thanke the destinies.

Har. Pre'the good sinful Inkeeper, wil that corruption thine
Ostler looke well to my ge'dings. Hay, a poxe a these rushes.

Host. You *Saint Dennis*, your geldings shall walke without
doores, and coole his feete for his masters sake, by the body of
S George I haue an excellent intellect to go steale some venison
now when wast thou in the Forrest?

Har. Away you stale meile of white broth: Come hither
sister, let me helpe you.

Clare. Mine Host is not *Sir Richard Mounchensy* come
yet according to our appointment when we last dinde here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent marry heere's a fore-
runner that summons a parte, and saith, heele be here top and
top-gallant presently.

Clare. Tis well good mine host, goe downe and see break-
fast be prouided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes

B

me

The merry Deuill

me downe, I am for the baser element of the kitchen : I retire like a valiant souldiers face point blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my canuasadoes and my interrogatories, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolke. *Exit.*

Cla. How doth my Lady, are you not weary Madam ?
Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you,
My daughter *Millscent* must not ouer-heare.

Mill. I, whispring, pray God it tend my good,
Strange feare assailes my heart, vsurps my blood.

Cla. You know our meeting with the knight *Mounchensy*,
Is to assure our daughter to his heire.

Dor. Tis without question.

Cla. Two tedious winters haue past ore since first,
These couple lou'd each other, and in passion
Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture,
Iust so long on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this ?

Cla. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to *Mounchensys* house conuey our armes,
Quartered within his scutchion; th'affiance made
Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.

Dor. I know it should.

Clar. But there are crosses wife, heere's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abby; and the third
At Cheston, and tis ominous to passe
Any of these without a pater-noster :
Crosses of loue still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two like spirits walke in night,
• About those stony and hard hearted plots.

Mill. O God, what meanes my father ?

Cla. For looke you wife, the riotous old knight,
Hath o'rerun his annual reuenue,
In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeere,
The nostrilles of his chimney are still stufte,
With smoake more chargeable then Cane-tobacco,
His hawkes deuoure his fattest dogs whilst limple,

His

of Edmonton.

His leanest cures eate him hounds carrion
Besides, I heard of late his yonger brother,
Or Turkey merchant hath sure suck'de the knight,
By meanes of some great losses on the sea,
That you conceiue mee, before God all naught,
His seate is weake, thus each thing rightly scand,
You'll see a flight wife, shortly of his land.

Mill. Treason to my hearts truest soueraigne,
How soone is loue smothered in foggy gaine?

Dor. But how shall we prevent this dangerous match?

Cla. I haue a plot, a tricke, and this it is,
Vnder this colour Ile breake off the match;
Ile tell the knight that now my minde is changd
For marrying of my daughter, for I intend
To send her vnto Cheston Nunry.

Mill. O me accurst!

Cla. There to become a most religious Nunne.

Mill. Ile first be buried quicke.

Clar. To spend her beauty in most priuate prayers.

Mill. Ile sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father.

Cla. How dost like my plot?

Dor. Exceeding well, but is it your intent
She shall continue there?

Cla. Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a iest,
You know a virgin may continue there,
A twelue moneth and a day onely on triall,
There shall my daughter soiourne some three moneths,
And in meane time Ile compasse a faire match
Twixt youthfull *Ierningham*, the lusty heire
Of Sir *Raph Ierningham* dwelling in the forrest,
I thinke they'll both come hither with *Monnchensey*. *Exeunt.*

Dor. Your care argues the loue you beare our childe,
I will subscribe to any thing youle haue me.

Mill. You will subscribe to it, good, good, tis well,
Loue hath two chaires of state, heaven and hell:
My deere *Monnchensey*, thou my death shalt rue,

The merry Deuill

Ere to thy heart *Mellifcent* proue vntue.

Exit.

Enter Blague.

Host. Ostlers, you knaues and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors: your honourable hulkes haue put into harborough, theile take in fresh water here, and I haue provided cleane chamber-pots.

Via, they come.

Enter Sir Richard Mounchensy, Sir Raph Ierningham, yong Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mounchensy, Peter Fabell, and Bulbo.

Host. The destinies be most neate Chamberlaines to these swaggering puritanes, knights of the subsidy.

Sir Moun. God a mercy good mine host.

Sir Ier. Thankes good host *Blague.*

Host. Roeme for my case of pistolles that haue Greeke and Latine bullets in them, let me cling to you, flanks my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calues to make them swell bigger: Ha, Ile caper in mine owne fee-simple, away with puntillioes, and Orthography: I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Bubo. *Tuere in patula recubens sub tegmine fagi.*

Bil. Truly mine host, *Bulbo*, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your one y blade still I haue a villanous sharp stomacke to slice a breakfast.

Host. Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinuance, releases, or attuement; what? we know our termes of hunting, and the sea-card.

Bil. And doe you serue the good duke of Norfolke still?

Host. Still, and still, and still, my souldier of S *Quintus*, come, follow me, I haue Charles waine below in a but of lacke, it will glister like your Crab-fish.

Bil. You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes, your Coopers Dictionary is your onely booke to study in a cellar, a man shall finde very strange words in it: come my host, lets serue the good duke of Norfolke.

Host. And still, and still, and still my boy Ile serue the good duke of Norfolke.

Irr.

of Edmonton.

Ier. Good Sir *Arthur Clare*.

Clar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

Moun. Tis *M. Fabell* Sir a Cambridge scholler,
My sonnes deere friend.

Clar. Sir, I intreat you know me.

Fab. Command me sir, I am affected to you
For your *Mounchenseys* sake.

Clar. Alas for him,
I not respect whether he sinke or swim,
A word in priuate Sir *Raph Ierningham*.

Ray. Me thinks your father looketh strangely on me,
Say loue, why are you sad?

Mill. I am not sweete,
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meete.

Clar. Shall's in to breakfast, after wee'l conclude
The cause of this our coming, in and feed,
And let that vs her a more serious deed.

Mill. Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleed.

Yong Ier. *Raymond Mounchensey* come be trolick friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.

Ray. Pray God deere *Harry Clare* it proue so happy.

Ier. There's nought can alter it, be merry lad.

Fab. There's nought shall alter it, be liuely *Raymond*,
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largett scope.

Exeunt.

Peter Fabell, solus.

Fab. Good old *Mounchensey*, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty and thy royall parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises by *Clare*,
Refuse to giue his daughter to thy sonne,
Onely because thy Reuenues cannot reach,
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,
As can the heire of wealthy *Ierningham*?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,
To strike a match betwixt her and th' other,
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

The merry Deuill

Plotting it in the garden, Is't euen so ?

Raymond Mounchensy, boy, haue thou and I

Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,

The Metaphysickes, Magicke, and those parts,

Of the most secret deepe philosophy ?

Haue I so many melancholy nights

Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower ?

And come we backe vnto our native home,

For want of skill to lose the wench thou lou'st?

Weele first hang Enuill in such rings of miste

As neuer rose from any dampish fenne,

Ile make the brinde sea to rise at Ware,

And drowne the marshes vnto Stratford bridge,

Ile driue the Deere from Waltham in their walkes,

And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:

We may perhaps be crost, but if we be,

He shall crosse the deuill that but crossees me. *Enter Raymond*

But here comes *Raymond* disconsolate & sad, *and yong Ierning.*

And heeres the gallant that must haue the wench.

I pri'thee *Raymond* leaue these solemne dumps,

Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene,

More watchfull then the day-proclayming cocke,

As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry

As mirth her selfe.

If ought in me may thy content procure,

It is thine owne thou may'st thy selfe assure.

Ray. Ha *Ierningham*, if any but thy selfe

Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold

As the bleake Northerne winds, vpon the face

Of winter.

From thee they haue some power vpon my blood,

Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound,

Come from the lips of any liuing man,

It might haue won the credite of mine eare,

From thee it cannot.

Ier. If I vnderstand thee, I am a villain,

What, dost thou speake in parables to thy friends?

Clar.

of Edmonton.

Clar. Come boy and make me this same groning loue,
Troubled with stiches, and the cough a'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,
And euer since hath shot at hudman-blind,
Make her leape, caper, ierke and laugh and sing,
And play me horse-trickes,
Make Cupid wanton as his mothers doue,
But, in this sort boy I would haue thee loue.

Fab. Why how now mad-cap? what my lusty *Franke*,
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger,
Art thou turnde miser Rascall in thy loues?

Ier. Who I? z' blood, what should all you see in me,
That I should looke like a married man? ha,
Am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose?
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am
A villain, doe I weare a night-cap? doe I bend
in the hams? What dost thou see in me that I
should be towards marriage, ha?

Cla. What thou married? let me looke vpon thee,
Rogue, who has giuen out this of thee? how
camst thou into this ill name? what company
Hast thou bin in Rascall?

Fab. You are the man sir, must haue Millescent,
The match is making in the garden now,
Her joynture is agreed on, and th'old men
Your fathers meane to lanch their busy bags,
But in meane time to thrust Mountchensy off,
For colour of this new intended match.
Faie Millescent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Nere looke vpon me lad, the match is done.

Ier. Raymond Mountchensy, now I touch thy grieffe,
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for faie and beauteous Millescent,
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to flubber,
Her angell like perfections, but thou know'st,

That

The merry Deuill

That Essex hath the Saint that I adore,
Where ere did we meete thee and wanton Springs,
That like a wag thou hast not laught at me,
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?
Now many a sad and weary summer night,
My sighs haue drunke the dew from off the earth,
I haue taught the watchfull Niting-gale to wake,
And from the meadowes spring the earely larke,
An houre before she would haue rose to sing,
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,
That I haue made the heauy slow pasde houres,
To hang like heauie clogs vpon the day.
But deere *Mounchensey*, had not my affection
Sealde on the beauty of another dame,
Before I would giue o're the chase and wronge the loue,
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,
And will in loue become a counterfeit.

Mount. Deere *Ierningham*, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of he I where now I fate,
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquerd me deere friend in my free soule,
Their time or death can by their power controule.

Fab Franke Ierningham, thou art a gallant boy,
And were he not my pupill I would say,
He were as fine a metled gentleman,
Of as free spirit and of as fine a temper,
As is in England, and he is a Man,
That very richly may deserue thy loue.
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,
What may *Mounchensey* honour to thy selfe,
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

Clar. *Raymond Mounchensey*? I would haue thee know,
He does not breath this ayre,
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue,
More then *Mounchensey*:
Nor euer in my life did see the man,
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,

of Edmonton.

I thinke more worthy of my sisters loue.
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will.
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horses saddled, and the stable doore
Stands ready for thee, vse them at thy pleasure,
In honest mariage wed her frankly boy,
And if thou gerst her lad, God giue thee ioy.

Moun. Then care away, let fates my fall pretend,
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend.

Fab. Let vs alone to bussell for the set,
For age and craft, with wit and Art haue met.
Ile make my spirits to dance such nightly Iigs
Along the way twixt this and Totnam crosse,
The Carriers Iades shall cast their heauie packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe them in:
The Milke-maides Cuts shall turne the wenches off,
And lay the Dossers tumbling in the dust:
The franke and merry London prentises,
That come for creame and lusty country cheere,
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches
All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
Yet none to other finde the way at all.

Moun. Pursue the proiect scholler, what we can do,
To helpe indeauour ioyne our liues thereto.

Enter Banks, Sir Iohn, and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you good Sir Iohn; a plague on thee
Smug, and thou touchest liquor thou art founderd straight: what
are your brames alwayes water-milles? must they euer runne
round?

Smug. *Banks,* your ale is a Philistine fox, z' hart theres fire
i'th taile: out; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th rere-
ward: a plague of this winde, O it tickles our Catastrophe.

Sir Io. Neighbour *Banks* of Waltham, and Goodman *Smug*
the honest Smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at
Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale houses, they are good
both, smart both: Hem, Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, let's

The merry Deuill?

liue till we die, and be merry and theres an end.

Banks. Well said *sir Iohn*, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water runne the same way still boy?

Smug. *Vulcan* was a rogue to him; *Sir Iohn* locke, lock, lock fast *sir Iohn*: so *sir Iohn*, Ile one of these yeares when it shall please the Goddesses and the destinies, be drunke in your company; thats all now, and God fend vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

Sir Io. No oathes, no oaths, good neighbour *Smug*,
Weel wet our lips together in hugge;
Carrouse in priuate, and eleuate the hart,
And the liuer and the lights, and the lights,
Marke you me within vs, for hem,
Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and be Merry, and theres an end.

Banks. But to our former motion about stealing some venison, whither goe we?

Sir Io. Into the forrest neighbour *Banks*, into *Brians* walke the madde keeper.

Smug. Z blood, Ile tickle your keeper.

Bank. Yfaith thou art alwayes drunke when we haue neede of thee.

Smug. Neede of mee? z'hart, you shall haue neede of mee alwayes while theres yron in an Anuill.

Banks. M. Parlon, may the Smith goe thinke you, being in this taking?

Smug. Go, Ile goe in spite of all the belles in V Valtham.

Sir Io. The question is good neighbour *Banks*, let mee see, the Moone shines to night, ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the forrest, his braine will be settled ere night, he may go, he may go neighbour *Banks*: Now we want none but the company of mine host *Blague* at the George at Waltham, if he were here, our Consort were full; looke where comes my good host, the Duke of Nortfolks man, and how and how? a hem, grasse and hay, wee are not yet mortall, lets liue till we die and be merry, and ther's an end.

Enter Host.

Host. Ha my Castilian dialogues, and art thou in breath still boy? *Miller* doth the match hold? *Smug*, I see by thy eyes thou hast

of Edmonton.

hast bin reading little Geneva print: but wend we merrily to the forrest to steale some of the kings Deere. Ile meet you at the time appointed: away, I haue Knights and Colonells at my house, & must tend the Hungarions. If we be scard in the forrest, weele meete in the Church-porch at Enfield; ist Correspondent?

Ban. Tis well; but how if any of vs should be taken?

Smi. He shall haue ransome by the Lord.

Hof. Tush the knaue keepers are my bosonians, & my pensioners, nine a clocke, be valiant my little Gogmagogs; Ile fence with all the Iustices in Hartford shire; Ile haue a Bucke til I die, Ile slay a Doe while I line, hold your bow straight & steady. I serue the good duke of Norfolke.

Smu. O rare! who, ho, ho boy.

Sir Jo. Peace neighbor *Smug*, you see this is a Boore, a Boore of the country, an illiterate Boore, and yet the Cittizen of good fellowes, come lets prouide a hen: Grassle and hay, wee are not yet all mortall, weel liue till we die, and be merry, and theres an end: come *Smug*.

Smug. God night V Valtham, who, ho, ho boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast againe.

Old Moun. Nor I for thee *Clare*, not of this,

V What? hast thou fed me all this while with shalles?

And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

Clare. I doe not hold thy offer competent.

Nor doe I like th'assurance of thy loue,

The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Old Mo. Too good for thee, and knight thou know'st it well, I sawnd not on thee for thy goods, not I,

Twas thine owne motion, that thy wife doth know.

Lad. Husband it was so, he lies not in that.

Clare. Hold thy chat queane.

Old Moun. To which I hearkned willingly, and the rather, Because I was perswaded it proceeded

From loue thou bor'st to me and to my boy,

And gau'st him free accesle vnto thy house,

V Where he hath not behaude him to thy childe,

But as befits a gentleman to doe:

Nor is my poore distressed state so low,

The merry Dewill

That Ile shut vp my doores I warrant thee,
Let it suffice *Mountchensy*, I mislike it,
Nor thinke thy sonne a match fit for my childe,
To tell thee *Clare* his blood is good and cleere,
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines:
But for this maide thy faire and vertuous childe,
She is no more disparagd by thy basenes,
Then the most orient and the pretious iewell,
Which still retaines his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slaue were owner of the same.

Clare. She is the last is left me to bestow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God.

Mount. You doe sir.

Clare. Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.

Mount. And pity she is so,

Damnation dog, thee and thy wretched pelfe aside.

Clare. Not thou *Mountchensy* shalt bestow my childe.

Mount. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou
Mean'st.

Clare. What wilt thou doe?

Mount. No matter, let that bee,
I will doe that, perhaps shall anger thee;
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and by Gods blessed Angell,
Thou shalt well know it.

Clare. Tut, braue not me.

Mount. Braue thee base Churle, were't not for man-hood sake,
I say no more, but that there be some by,
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,
Which being stird, might make vs both repent
This foolish meeting: but *Raph Clare*
Although thy father haue abused my friendship,
Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble boy,
I doe yfaith.

Lady. I, doe, do, fill all the world with talke of vs, man, man.
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.

Fab. I hope your great experience and your yeeres,
Would haue prou'd patience rather to your soule,
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion,

of Edmonton.

To whet their skeens and but that,
I hope their friendships are too well confirmed,
And their minds temperd with more kindly heat,
Then for their froward parents soares,
That they should breake forth into publique brawles,
How ere the rough hand of th' untoward world,
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue:
Then since the first spring was so sweet and warme,
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a scorne.

Ray. O thou base world, how leproous is that soule
That is once lim'd in that polluted mudde,
Oh sir *Arthur* you haue startled his free active spirits,
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to beare:
Haue patience sir, the remedy to woe,
Is to leaue what of force we must forgoe.

Mill. And I must take a twelue moneths approbation,
That in meane time this sole and priuate life,
At the yeares end may fashion me a wife:
But sweet *Mounchensey* ere this yeare be done,
Thou'lt be a frier if that I be a Nun;
And father ere yong *Ierningham* Ile bee,
I will turne mad to spight both him and thee.

Cla. Wife come to horse, and huswife make you ready,
For if I liue, I sweare by this good light,
Ile see you lodgde in Chesson house to night.

Moun. *Raymond* away, thou seest how matters fall,
Churle, hell consume thee and thy pelfe and all.

Fab. Now *M. Clare*, you see how matters fadge,
Your *Millscent* must needes be made a Nun:
VVell sir, we are the men must plie this match,
Hold you your peace and be a looker on,
And send her vnto Chesson where he will,
Ile send mee fellowes of a handfull hie,
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the Dale,
And make the Lady prioresse of the house to play

The merry Deuill

at leape-froge naked in their smockes,
Vntill the merry wenches at their masse,
Cry tehee weehce,
And tickling theese mad lasses in their flankes,
Shall sprawle and squeke, and pinch their fellow Nunnes.
Be liuely boyes, before the wench we lose,
Ile make the Abbas weare the Cannons hooſe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Harry Clare, Francke Ierningham, Peter Fabell,
and Milliscent.*

Ha. Cla. Spight now hath done her worst, sister be patient,
Ier. Forewarnd poore *Raymonds* company to heauen,
When the composure of weake frailtie meete,
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,
Must in hir owne unhappines be silent,
And winck on all deformities.

Milli. Tis well;
Whers *Raymond* brother? whers my deere Mounchenſey?
Would wee might weepe together and then part,
Our sighing parle would much ease my heart.

Fab. Sweete beutie fould your sorowes in the thought,
Of future reconcilment; let your teares
Shew you a woman; but be no farther spent
then from the eyes; for (sweete) experience sayes,
That loue is firme thats flattered with delays.

Milli. Alas sir, thinke you I shall ere be his?

Fab. As sure as parting smiles on future blisse.
Yond comes my friend, see he hath doted
So long vpon your beutie, that your want
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood.
For in true loue, Musicke doth sweetly dwell,
Seuerd theese lesse worlds beare within them hell.

Enter Mounchenſey.

Mount. Harry and Francke you are enioynd to waine your
friendship from mee, we must part the breath of all aduised cor-
ruption, pardon mee.

Faith

of Edmonton.

Faith I must say so, you may thinke I loue you,
I breath not, rougher spight do teuer vs,
Weele meete by steale sweet friend by stealth you twaine,
Kisses are sweetest got with strugling paine.

Ier. Our friendship dies not *Raymond*.

Moun. Pardon mee:

I am busied, I haue lost my faculties,
And buried them in *Mulliscent's* cleere eyes.

Mill. Alas sweete Loue what shall become of me?

I must to Chesson to the Nunny,
I shall nere see thee more.

Moun. How sweete!

Ile be thy votary, weele often meete,
This kisse diuides vs, and breathes soft adiew,
This be a double charme to keepe both true. (sing

Fab. Haue done, your fathers may chance spie your par-
Refuse not you by any meanes good sweetnes,
To goe vnto the Nunnery, farre from hence,
Must wee beget your loues sweete happines,
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed,
Shall be more soft when Nun and maide are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Moun. Now sirra what's the matter?

Bil. Mary you must to horse presently, that villanous old
gowty churle, Sir *Richard Clare* longs till he bee at the Nunry.

Ha. Cla. How sir?

O I cry you mercy, he is your father sir indeed; but I am sure
that theres lesse affinitie betwixt your two natures, then there is
betweene a broker and a cutpurse.

Moun. Bring my gelding sirra.

Bil. Wel nothing grieues me, but for the poore wench, she
must now cry vale to Lobster pies, hartichokes, and all such
meates of mortalities; poore gentlewoman, the signe must not
be in virgo any longer with her, and that me grieues full well.

Poore *Mulliscent*

Must pray and repent:

The merry Devil

O fatale wonder!
Sheele now be no fatter,
Loue must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept vnder.

Exit.

Ier. Farwell decre *Raymond*.

Ha. Cla. Friend adew.

Mill. Deere sweete.

No ioy enioyes my hearte till wee next meete.

Exeunt.

Fab. Well *Raymond* now the tide of discontent,
Beats in thy face, but er't be long the wind,
Shall turne the flood, wee must to *Waltham abby*,
And as faire *Milliscent* in *Cheston* liues,
A most vnwilling Nun, so thou shalt there
Become a bearded Nouice, to what end
Let time and future accidents declare:
Tast thou my slights, thy loue ile onely shawe.

Mounst. Turne frier? come my good Counseller lets goe,
Yet that disguise will hardly shrowd my woe.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Prioresse of Cheston, with a Nun or two, Sir Arthur
Clare, Sir Raph Ierningham, Henry and Francke, the Lady,
and Bilbo, with Milliscent.*

La. Cla. Madam;

The loue vnto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale
Hath truely wonne vs to bestow our Childe,
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.

Pri. Ihesus daughter *Maries* childe,
Holy matron woman milde,
For thee a masse shall still be sayd,
Euery sister drop a bead.
And those againe succeeding them
For you shall ring a *Requiem*.

Frank. The wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman
of this world, marke her well, shee lookes like a Nun already,
what thinkst on her?

Har. By my faith her face comes handsomly to't

But

of Edmonton.

But peace lets heare the rest.

Sir. Ar. Madam for a twelue months approbation,
Wee meane to make this triall of our childe.
Your care and our deere blessing in meane time,
Wee pray may prosper this intended worke.

Pri. May your happy soule be blithe,
That so truely pay your tithes.
He who many children gaue,
Tis fit that he one child should haue.
Then faire virgin heare my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Mill. Good men and true, stand together and heare your charge.

Pri. First a mornings take your booke
The glasse wherein your selfe must looke,
Your young thoughts so proud and iolly
Must be turnd to motions holy:
For your buske, attires and toyes,
Haue your thoughts on heavenly ioyes:
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray and fast.

Bil. Let her take heed of fasting, and if euer she hurt her
selfe with praying, Ile nere trust beaust.

Mill. This goes hard berladye.

Pri. You shall ring the sauing bell,
Keepe your howers and tell your knell,
Rise at midnight to your mattens.
Read your Psalter, sing your latins,
And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge your selfe in plenteous measure.

Mill. Worse and worse by Saint Mary.

Fr. Sirra Hal, how does she hold hir countenance? wel, goe
thy wayes, if euer thou proue a Nun, Ile build an Abby.

Har. She may be a Nun, but if euer shee prooue an An-
choresse, Ile dig her graue with my nailes.

Fra. To her againe mother.

Har. Hold thine owne wench.

D

Prio.

The merry Devil

Prio. You must read the mornings masse,
You must creepe vnto the Crosse,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Haue a haire cloth for your bed.

Bil. She had rather haue a man in her bed.

Prio. Bind your heads and tell your needes,
Your holy Auiens and your Creedes,
Holy maide this must be done,
Yf you meane to liue a Nun.

Mill. The holy maide will be no Nun.

Sir Ar. Madam we haue some busines of import,
And must be gone.

Wilt please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind,
And so good madam for this time adiew.

Exeunt women.

Sir Ra. Well now *Francke Clare*, how saiest thou? to be
breefe,

What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Thy father and my selfe, can bring about,
That we conuert this Nun to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty Nun,
How then my lad? ha *Francke*, it may be done.

Har. I now it workes.

Fra. O god sir, you amaze mee at your words,
Thinke with your selfe sir what a thing it were,
To cause a recluse to remoue her vow,
A maymed contrite, and repentant soule,
Euer mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts euen as hir eyes are fixd on heauen,
To drawe a virgin thus deuour'd with zeale,
Backe to the world! O impious deede
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done,
Without a dispensation from the Church:
Besides she is so prone vnto this life,
As shee leuen shreake to heare a husband namde.

Bil. I a poore innocent shee, well, heres no knauery, hee
flowts the old fooles to their teeth.

Sir Raph.

of Edmonton.

Sir Raph. Boy I am glad to heare
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience,
And in a man so young as is your selfe,
I promise you tis very seldome scene.
But *Frank* this is a tricke, a meere deuise,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and my selfe,
To thrust *Mounchenseys* nose besides the cushion,
That being thus debard of all acceffe,
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,
And giue thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes.

Har. How now *Frank*, what say you to that?

Fran. Let me alone, I warrant thee:

Sir asurde that this motion doth proceede,
From your most kinde and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure,
But for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must craue thus much,
To haue some conference with my ghostly father,
Frier Hildersham here by, at Waltham Abby,
To be absolude of things that it is fit
None only but my confessor should know.

Sir. Ar. With all my heart, he is a reuerend man, and to morrow morning wee will meet all at the Abby, whereby th'opinion of that reuerend man

Wee will proceede, I like it passing well:
Till then we part, boy I thinke of it, farewell:
A parents care no mortall tongue can tell.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mounchensey like a Frier.

Sir Ar. Holy yong Nouice I haue told you now,
My full intent, and doe refer the rest
To your professed secrecy and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolne vpon the way,
That we are come vnto the Abby gate,

The merry Deuill

Because I know *Mountchensy* is a foxe,
That craftily doth ouerlooke my doings,
He not be seene, not I; Tush I haue done;
I had a daughter, but shee's now a Nun:
Farewell deere sonne, farewell.

Exit.

Moun. Fare you well, I you haue done,
Your daughter sir, shall not be long a Nun!
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine,
Plotted out such a masse of policie;
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error
My soule is fallen in labour with her ioy
O my true friends *Frank* *Ierningham* and *Clare*,
Did you now know but how this iest takes fire,
That good sir *Arthur* thinking me a nouice,
Hath euen powrd himselfe into my bosome;
O you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth.
But *Raymond* peace, and haue an eye about,
For feare perhaps some of the Nuns looke out.
Peace and charity within,
Neuer touch't with deadly sin:
I cast my holy water poore,
On this wall and on this doore,
That from euill shall defend,
And keepe you from the vgly fiend:
Euill spirit by night nor day,
Shall approach or come this way;
Else nor Fary by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.

Holy maidens knocke.

Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there? *Answer within.*

Moun. Gentle Nun here is a Frier.

Nun. A Frier without, now Christ vs saue,
Holy man, what wouldst thou haue?

Enter Nun.

Moun. Holy mayde I hither come,
From Frier and father *Hildersome*.
By the fauour and the grace
Of the *Prioresse* of this place:

Amongst

of Edmonton.

Amongst you all to visit one,
That's come for approbation,
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of Sir *Arthur Clare* :
But since she now became a Nun,
Call'd *Millicent* of Edmonton.

Nun. Holy man, repose you there,
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare :
To tell what a man is sent,
And your message and intent,

Mount. Benedicite.

Nun. Benedicite.

Exit.

Mount. Doe my good plumpe wench, if all fall right,
Ile make your sister-hood one lesse by night :
Now happy fortune speede this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter Lady, Millicent.

Lad. Have Friers recourse then to the house of Nuns ?

Mill. Madam it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
Lest that for feare or such sinister practise,
Shee should be forcde to vndergoe this vaile,
Which should proceed from conscience and deuotion :
A visiter is sent from Waltham house,
To take the true confession of the maide.

Lady. Is that the order ? I commend it well,
You to your shrift, Ile backe vnto the cell.

Exit.

Mount. Life of my soule, bright Angel.

Mill. What meanes the Frier ?

Mount. O *Millicent*, tis I.

Mill. My heart misgiues me, I should know that voyce,
You, who are you ? The holy virgin blesse me,
Tell me your name, you shall ere you confesse me.

Mount. *Mountchensy* thy true friend.

Mill. My *Raymond*, my deere heart,
Sweete life giue leaue to my distracted soule,

The merry Deuill

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy,
By what meanes camst thou to assume this shape?

Mount. By meanes of *Peter Fabell* my kind Tutor,
Who in the habite of *Frier Hilderham*,
Franke Ierninghams old friend and confessor,
Plotted by *Franke*, by *Fabell* and my selfe,
And so deliuered to *Sir Arthur Clare*,
Who brought me heere vnto the *Abby* gate,
To be his Nun-made daughters visitor.

Mill. You are all sweete traytors to my poore old father,
O my deere life, I was a dream't to night,
That as I was a praying in mine Psalter,
There came a spirit vnto me as I kneeld,
And by his strong perswasions tempted me
To leaue this Nunry; and me thought,
He came in the most glorious Angell shape,
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon:
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for theres no forme,
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.

Mount. O thou Idolatresse that dost this worship,
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee,
Thou bright vnsetting star which through this vaile,
For very enuy mak'st the Sun looke pale.

Mill. Well visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should thinke the Frier too strickt in his decrees,
I this confesse to my sweet ghostly father,
If chaste pure loue be sin I must confesse,
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.

Mount. But doe you yet repent you of the same?

Mill. Yfaith I cannot.

Mount. Nor will I absolue thee,
Of that sweete sin, though it be venial,
Yet haue the pennance of a thousand kisses,
And I enioyne you to this pilgrimage,
That in the euening you bestow your selfe
Heere in the walke neere to the willow ground,
Where Ile be ready both with men and horse,

of Edmonton.

To waite your comming and conuey you hence,
Vnto a lodge I haue in Enfield chafe:
No more replie if that you yeeld consent,
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

Mill. Sweete life farewell; tis done, let that suffice,
What my tongue failes I send thee by mine eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Fabell, Clare, and Ierningham.

Ier. Now Visitor how does this new made Nun?

Clare. Come, come how does she noble Capouchin?

Moun. She may be poore in spirit, but for the flesh tis fatte
and plumpe boyes:

Ah rogues, there is a company of girles would turne you all
Friers.

Fab. But how *Mountchensey*? how lad for the wench?

Moun. Sound lads yfaith; I thanke my holy habit,
I haue confest her and the Lady prioresse hath giuen me ghost-
ly counsell with hir blessing.

And how say yee boyes,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?

Clare. Z'blood sheel haue nere a Nun vnbad to sing masse
then.

Ier. The Abbat of Waltham will haue as many Children,
to put to nurse, as he has calues in the Marsh.

Moun. Well to be breefe, the Nun will soone at night turne
lippit; if I can but deuise to quit her cleanly of the Nunry, she
is mine owne.

Fab. But Sirra *Raymond*, what newes of *Peter Fabel* at the
house?

Moun. Tush hees the onely man; a Necromancer, and a
Coniurer that workes for yong *Mountchensey* altogether; and
if it be not for Fryer *Benedicke*, that he can crosse him by his
learned skill, the V Vench is gone.

Fabell will fetch her out by very magicke.

Fab. Stands the winde there boy, keepe them in that key.
The wench is ours before to morrow day,

VVell

The merry Deuill

V Vell *Raph* and *Franke*, as ye are gentlemen, sticke to vs close this once; you know your fathers haue men and horse lie ready still at *Chesson*, to watch the coast be cleere, to scowt about, & haue an eye vnto *Mountchensey* walks: therefore you two may houer thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matters be ready but to take her at our hands, leaue vs to scramble for hir getting out.

Ier. Z'bloud if al *Herford-shire* were at our heeles, weele carry her away in spight of them.

Cla. But whither *Raymond*?

Moun. To *Brians* vpper lodge in *Enfield Chase*, he is mine honest Friend and a tall keeper, ile send my man vnto him presently t'acquaint him with your comminge and intent.

Fab. Be breefe and secret.

Moun. Soone at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.

Ier. Tis done, no more.

Cla. We will not faile the hower,
My life and fortune, now lies in your power.

Fab. About our busines, *Raymond* lets away,
Thinke of your hower, it drawes well of the day.

Exit.

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir Iohn.

Bla. Come yee Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come vnder the zona torrida of the Forrest, lets be resolute, lets flie to and againe; and if the deuill come, weele put him to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote; what; s'foote ile put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

Smu. Mine host, my bully, my pretious consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue ben drunke i'thy house, twenty times and ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third heauens, my braine was poore, i't had yest in't; but now I am a man of action, is't not so lad?

Bil. Why now thou hast two of the liberall sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

Smu. I will serue the Duke of Christendom, and doe him more credit in his celler then all the plate in his buttery, is't not so lad?

Sir Io.

of Edmonton.

Sir Iob. Mine host and *Smug*, stand there *Banks*, you and your horse keepe together, but lie close, shew no trickes for feare of the keeper. If we be scard weel meete in the Church-porch at Enfeild.

Smug. Content *sir Iohn*.

Banks. *Smug*, dost not thou remember the tree thou felst out of last night?

Smug. Tush, and't had bin as high as the Abby, I should nere haue hurt my selfe I haue fallen into the riuer comming home from Waltham, and scapt drowning.

Sir Io. Come seuer, care no sprits, wee haue a Bucke presently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine Host.

Host. Thou speakst as true as veluet.

Sir Io. Why then come, Grasse and hay, &c.

Exeunt.

Enter Clare, Ierningham, and Milliscent.

Clar. Franke Ierningham?

Ier. Speake softly rogue, how now?

Clar. S'foot we shall lose our way, it's so darke, wherabouts are we?

Ier. Why man, at *Potters* gate,
The way lies right, harke the clocke strikes at Enfeild; whats the houre?

Cla. Ten the bell fayer.

Ier. A lies in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Chesson, *Sir Iohn* and his Sexton are at ale to night, the clocke runs at random.

Cla. Nay, as sure as thou liu'st the villanous vicar is abroad in the chafe this darke night: the stone Priest steales more venison then halfe the country.

Ier. *Milliscent*, how dost thou?

Mill. Sir, very well,
I would to God we were at *Brians* lodge.

Cla. We shall anon, z'ounds harke,
What meanes this noyse?

Ier. Stay, I heare horsemen.

Cla. I heare footmen too.

The merry Deuill

Ier. Nay then I haue it, we haue bin discouerd,
And we are followed by our fathers men.

Mull. Brother and friend, alas what shall we doe?

Cla. Sister speake softly or we are descride,
They are hard vpon vs what so ere they be,
Shadow your selfe behind this brake of ferne,
Weele get into the wood and let them passe.

Enter Sir Iohn, Blague, Smug, and Banks, one after another.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay, wee are all mortall, the keepers abroad, and ther's an end.

Ban. Sir Iohn.

Sir Io. Neighbour *Banks* what newes?

Ban. Z'wounds Sir Iohn the keepers are abroad; I was hard by'am.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay, wher's mine host *Blague*?

Bla. Here Metropolitane, the philistines are vpon vs, be silent, let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke; but where is *Smug*.

Smu. Here, a poxe on yee all dogs; I haue kild the greatest Bucke in *Brians* walke, shift for your selues, all the keepers are vp, lets meete in Enfield church porch, away we are all taken els.

Exeunt.

Enter Brian with his man, and his hound.

Bri. *Raph* hearst thou any stirring.

Raph. I heard one speake here hard by in the bottome; peace Maister, speake low, zownes if I did not heare a bow goe off, and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard deere in my life.

Bri. When went your fellows out into their walks?

Ra. An hower agoe.

Bri. S'life is there stealers abroad, and they cannot heare of them! where the deuill are my men to night! sirra goe vp the wind towards Buckleys lodge.

Ile cast about the bottome with my hound, and I will meete thee vnder Cony ocke.

Ra. I will Sir.

Exit.

Bri.

of Edmonton.

Bri. How now? by the masse my hound stayes vpon something, harks, ha, ke, Bowman, harks, harks there.

Mill. Brother *Frank Ierningham*, brother *Clare*.

Bri. Peace, thats a womans voyce, stand, who's there, stand or Ile shoote.

Mill. O Lord, hold your hands, I meane no harme sir,

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mill. I am a maid sir, who? *M. Brian*?

Bri. The very same, sure I should know her voyce, *Mistris Millscent*.

Mill. I, it is I sir.

Bri. God for his passion, what make you here alone, I looked for you at my lodge an hower agoe, what meanes your company to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

Mill. My brother Sir, and *M. Ierningham*, who hearing folke about vs in the Chase, feard it had bin sir *Arthur* and my father, who had persude vs, thus disperseed our selues till they were past vs.

Bri. But where be they?

Mill. They be not farre off, here about the groue.

Enter Clare and Ierningham.

Cla. Be not afraid man, I heard *Brian*'s tongue, thats certain.

Ier. Call softly for your sister.

Cla. *Millscent*,

Mill. I brother, heere.

Bri. *M. Clare*.

Cla. I told you it was *Brian*.

Bri. Whoes that? *M. Ierningham*, you are a couple of hot-shots, does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

Ier. We heard a noyse about her in the chase, And fearing that our fathers had persude vs, feuerd our selues.

Cla. *Brian* how hapd'st thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for stealers are abroad to night, My hound staid on her, and so found her out.

The merry Deuill

Cla. They were these stealers that affrighted vs,
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their Deere,
And I perceiue they tooke me for a keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they?

Ier. Towards Enfeild.

Bri. A plague vpon't, thats that damned Priest, & Blague of
the George, he that serues the good Duke of Norfolke.

A noyse within, Follow, follow, follow.

Cla. Peace, thats my fathers voyce.

Bri. Z'ownds you suspected them, and now they are heere
indeed.

Mill. Alas, what shall we doe?

Bri. If you goe to the lodge you are surely taken,
Strike downe the wood to Enfeild presently,
And if *Monnchensey* come, Ile send him t'yee:
Let mee alone to busle with your father,
I warrant you that I will keepe them play,
Till you haue quit the chace: away, away.
Whoes there?

Enter the Knights.

Sir Rap. In the kings name pursue the Ransher.

Bri. Stand or He shoote.

Sir Ar. Whoes there?

Bri. I am the keeper that doe charge you stand,
You haue stollen my Deere.

Sir Ar. We stolne thy Deere? we do pursue a thiefe.

Bri. You are arrant theeues, and ye haue stolne my Deere.

Sir Rap. We are Knights, sir *Arthur Clare* and sir *Roph Ier-*
mingham.

Bri. The more your shame that Knights should bee such
thieues.

Sir Ar. Who? or what art thou?

Bri. My name is *Brian*, keeper of this walke.

Sir Rap. O *Brian* a villain,
Thou hast receiued my daughter to thy lodge.

Bri. You haue stolne the best Deere in my walke to night,
my Deere.

Sir Ar. My daughter,

Stop

of Edmonton.

Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my walke? ye u haue stolne the best Bucke in my walke to night.

Sir Ar. My daughter.

Bri. My Deere.

Sir Rap. Where is *Mountchesey*?

Bri. Wheres my Bucke.

Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the King.

Bri. Ile complaine vnto the King you spoile his game: Tis strange that men of your account and calling, will offer it, I tell you true, *Sir Arthur* and *sir Raph*, that none but you haue onely spoild my game.

Sir Ar. I charge you stop vs not.

Bri. I charge you both ye get out of my ground. Is this a time for such as you, men of place and of your grauity, to be abroad a theeuing! tis a shame, and a fore God if I had shot at you, I had serude you well enough.

Enter Banks the miller wet on his legs.

Ban. S'foote heeres a darke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteene ditches betweene this and the Forrest: loft, heers Enfeilde Church: I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard for to steale some filberts: well, heere Ile sit in the Church porch and wait for the rest of my consort.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heeres a sky as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse vs, heere was goodman Theophilus buried, hee was the best Nutcraker that euer dwelt in Enfeild: well, tis 9. a clock, tis time to ring curfew. Lord blesse vs, what a white thing is that in the Church porch; O Lorde my legges are too weake for my body, my haire is too stiffe for my night-cap, my heart failes; this is the ghost of Theophilus, O Lord it followes me, I cannot say my prayers and one would giue me a thousand pound: good spirit, I haue bowld and drunke and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you; O Lord.

The merry Deuill

Enter Priest.

Prie. Grasse and hey, we are all mortall, who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeede; I know you to bee Master Parson by your phrase.

Prie. Sexton.

Sex. I Sir.

Prie. For mortalities sake, What's the matter?

Sex. O Lord I am a man of another element; Maister *Theophilus* Ghost is in the Church porch, there was a hundred Cats all fire dancing here euen now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the steeple, ile not into the bellfree for a world.

Prie. O good *Salomon*; I haue bin about a deede of darknes to night: O Lord I saw fifteen spirits in the forrest, like white bulles, if I lye I am an arrant theefe: mortalitie haunts vs; grasse and hay the deuills at our heeles, and lets hence to the parlo-nages.

Exeunt.

The Miller comes out very softly.

Mill. What noise was that? tis the watch, sure that villanous vn lucky rogue *Smug* is taine vpon my life, and then all our villeny comes out, I heard one cry sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I go steale any more veneson, I am a Paradox, s'foot I can scarce beare the sinne of my flesh in the day, tis so heauy, if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as true mareterraneum skinker should doe, let me neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable.

Mill. By the Lord there are some watchmen; I heare them name Maister Constable, I would to God my Mill were an Eunuch and wanted her stones, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

Mill. Tis the Constable by this light, Ile steale hence, and if I can meete mine host *Blague*, ile tell him how *Smug* is taine, and will him to looke to him selfe.

Exit.

Host.

of Edmonton.

Host. What the deuill is that white thing? this same is a Church-yard, and I haue heard that ghosts, and villenous goblins haue beene scene here.

Enter Sexton and Priest.

Pri. Grassie and hay, O that I could coniure, wee saw a spirite here in the Church-yard; and in the fallow field ther's the deuill, with a mans body vpon his backe in a white sheet.

Sex. It may be a womans body Sir *Iohn*.

Pri. If shee be a woman, the sheets damne her, Lord blesse vs, what a night of mortalitie is this.

Host. Priest.

Pri. Mine host.

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in white, crosse you at the stile?

Priest. O no mine host, but there sate one in the porch, I haue not breath ynough left to blesse me from the Deuill.

Host. Whoes that?

Pri. The Sexton almost frightened out of his wits, Did you see *Banks*, or *Smug*.

Host. No they are gone to Waltham, sure I would faine hence, come, lets to my house, Ile nere serue the duke of Norfolk in this fashion againe whilst I breath. If the deuill be amongst vs, tis time to hoist saile, and cry roomer: Keepe together Sexton, thou art secret, what? lets be comfortable one to another.

Pri. We are all mortall mine host.

Host. True, and Ile serue God in the night hereafter, afore the Duke of Norfolke.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Rapb Clare, and Sir Arthur Ierningham, transsing their points as new vp.

Sir Rap. Good morrow gentle knight,
A happy day after your short nights rest,

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, sir *Rapb* stirring so soone indeed,
Birlady sir rest would haue done right well,

Our

The merry Dewill

Our riding late last night, has made mee drowfic,
Goeto goe to those dayes are gone with vs.

Sir Ra. *Sir Arthur*, *Sir Arthur*, care go with those dayes,
Let'am euen goe together, let'am goe.

Tis time yfaith that wee were in our graues
When Children leaue obedience to their parents,
When there's no feare of God; no care, no dutie.
Well, well, nay nay, it shall not doe, it shall not,
No *Mountchen*, thoust heare on t, thou shalt,
Thou shalt yfaith, Ile hang thy Son if there be law in England:
A mans Child rauisht from a Nunry!

This is rare; well well, ther's one gone for *Frier Hilderfam*.

Sir Ar. Nay gentle Knight do not vexen thus,
It will but hurt your health.

You cannot greue more then I doe, but to what end; but harke
you *Sir Raph*, I was about to say something; it makes no matter,
But hearke you in your eare; the Frier's a knaue, but God for-
giue me, a man cannot tel neither, s'foot I am so out of patience,
I know not what to say.

Sir Ra. Ther's one went for the Frier an hower agoe,
Comes he not yet! s'foot if I do find knauery vnder cowle; il
tickle him: ile firke him; here here hee's here, hee's here.
Good morrow Frier, good morrow gentle Frier.

Enter Hilderfam.

Sir Ar. Good morrow father *Hilderfam* good morrow.

Hild. Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.

Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how matters go,
I am vndone, my Childe is cast away,
You did your best; at least I thinke the best,
But we are all crost, flatly all is dashd.

Hild. Alas good knights, how might the matter be?
Let mee vnderstand your greefe for Charity.

Sir Ar. Who does not vnderstand my griefes? alas alas!
And yet yee do not, will the Church permit,
A Nun in approbation of her habit,

of Edmonton.

To be rauished.

Hild. A holy woman, benedicite; now God forfend that any should presume to touch the sister of a holy house.

Sir Ar. Ihesus deliver mee.

Sir Ra. Why *Millisent* the daughter of this Knight, Is out of Chesson taken the last night.

Hild. Was that faire maiden late become a Nun!

Sir Ra. Was she quotha? knauery, knauery, knauery; I smell it, & smell it yfaith; is the wind in that dore? is it euen so! doost thou aske me that now!

Hild. It is the first time that I ere heard of it.

Sir Ar. That's very strange.

Sir Ra. Why tell me Frier; tell mee, thou art counted a holy man, doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor beare with mee, I cannot dissemble; did I ought but by thy own consent? by thy allowance? nay further by thy warrant?

Hild. Why Reuerend knight?

Sir Ra. Vnreuerend Frier.

Hild. Nay then giue me leaue sir to depart in quiet, I had hoped you had sent for mee to some other end.

Sir Ar. Nay stay good Frier, if any thing hath hapd, About this matter in thy loue to vs; That thy strickt order cannot iustifie, Admit it be so, we will couer it, Take no care man; Disclayme not yet thy counsell and aduise, The wisest man that is may be orereacht.

Hild. Sir *Arthur*, by my order and my faith, I know not what you meane.

Sir Ar. By your order, and your faith? this is most strange of all:

Why tell mee Frier; are not you Confessor to my Son *Francke*?

Hild. Yes that I am:

Sir Ra. And did not this good knight here and my selfe, Confesse with you being his ghostly Father, To deale with him about th'unbanded marriage, Betwixt him and that faire young *Millisent*?

F

Hild.

The merry Deuill

Hild. I neuer heard of any match intended.

Sir Ar. Did not we breake our minds that very time,
That our deuice of making her a Nun,
was but a colour and a very plotte,
To put by young *Mountchensseys*ist not true?

Hild. The more I strue to know what you should meane,
the lesse I vnderstand you.

Sir Rap. Did not you tell vs still how *Peter Fabell* at length
would crosse vs if we tooke not heed?

Hild. I haue heard of one that is a great magician,
But hees about the Vniuersity.

Sir Rap. Did not you send your nouice *Benedic*,
To perswade the gile to leaue *Moutchensseys* loue,
To crosse that *Peter Fabell* in his art,
And to that purpose made him visitor?

Hild. I neuer sent my nouice from the house,
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

Sir Ar. Neuer sent him? nay, did he not goe? and did not
I direct him to the house, and conferre with him by the way?
and did he not tell me what charge he had receiued from you?
word by word, as I requested at your hands?

Hild. That you shall know, hee came along with me, and
staves without come hither *Benedic*. *Enter Benedic.*
Yong *Benedic*, were you ere sent by me to *Chesson* Nunnery
for a visitor?

Ben. Neuer sir, truely.

Sir Ar. Stranger then all the rest.

Sir Rap. Did not I direct you to the house?
Confer with you from *Waltham* Abby
Vnto *Chesson* wall?

Ben. I neuer saw you sir before this hower.

Sir Raph. The deuill thou didst not, hoc *Chamberlen*.

Chamb. Anon, anon.

Sir Ra. Call mine host *Blague* hither.

Cla. I will send one ouer to see if he be vp, I thinke he bee
scarce stirring yet.

Sir Rap. Why knaue, didst thou not tell me an hower ago
mine

of Edmonton.

mine host was vp?

Cham. I sir, my Master's vp.

Sir Ra. You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp?
Dost thou mocke mee?

Cham. I sir, my M. is vp, but I thinke M. *Blague* indeed be not stirring?

Sir Rap. Why, who's thy Master? is not the Master of the house thy Master?

Cham. Yes sir, but M. *Blague* dwells ouer the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? before God theres some villany in this.

Cham. S foote our signes remooud, this is strange.

Enter Blague trussing his points.

Bla. Chamberlen, speake vp to the new lodgings,
Bid Nell looke well to the bakt meats,
How now my old Ienerts banke, my horse,
My castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not
vnder the Canopie of your host *Blagues* house.

Sir Ar. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham, but whether the George be your tee-simple or no, tis a doubtfull question, looke vpon your signe.

Host. Body of Saint George, this is mine ouerthwart neighbour hath done this to seduce my blind customers, Ile tickle his Catastrophe for this; If I doe not indite him at next assises for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes, for I see tis no boote in these dayes to serue the good Duke of Norfolke, the villanous world is turnd manger, one lade deceiues another, and your Ostler playes his part commonly for the fourth share, haue wee Comedies in hand, you whoreson villanous male London lecher.

Sir Ar. Mine host, we haue had the moylingst night of it that euer we had in our liues.

Host. Ist certaine?

Sir Rap. We haue bin in the Forrest all night almost.

Host. S'foot how did I misse you? hart I was a stealing a

The merry Deuill

Bucke there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you, we were stayed for you.

Host. Were you my noble Roinances? why you shall share, the venison is afooting, *Sine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus.* That is, theres a good breakfast provided for a marriage, thats in my house this morning.

Sir Ar. A marriage mine host?

Host. A conjunction copulative, a gallant match betweene your daughter, and *M. Raymond Mountchensey*, yong Iuuentus.

Sir Ar. How?

Host. Tis faine, tis done,
Weele shew you a president ith ciuill law for t.

Sir Rap. How I married!

Host. Leauetrickes, and admiration, theres a cleanelly paire of sheetes in the bed in Orchard chamber, and they shall lie there, what? He doe it, He serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt repent this *Blague*.

Sir Rap. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all seuerity.

Host. I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly, He barracado my gates against you: stand faire bully; Priest come off from the rereward; what can you say now? twas done in my house, I haue shelter ith Court for t, Dee see your bay window? I serue the good duke of Norfolk, & tis his lodging, storm I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolk: thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter Smug, Mountchensey, Harry Clare and Milliscent.

Smug. Fire, s blood theres no fire in England like your Trinidado sacke: is any man heere humorous? we stole the venison, and weele iustifie it: say you now.

Host. In good sooth *Smug* theres more sacke on the fire
Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions against your sacke, but if youle lend mee a picke st. ff. ile cudgle them all hence by this hand.

Host.

of *Edmonton.*

Host. I say thou shalt into the Celler.

Sm. s foot mine *Host*, shalls not grapple?
Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrice ege; shalls not serue the Duke of Norfolke? *Exit.*

Host. In skipper in.

Sir Arth. Sirra, hath young *Mounichenfey* married your sister?

Ha. Cla. Tis Certaine Sir; her's the priest that coupled them; the parties ioyned, and the honest witnessse that cride, Amen.

Mount. Sir *Arthur Clare*, my new created Father, I beseech you heare mee.

Sir Ar. Sir Sir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bound to ceaze her from you, for shee's a profest Nun.

Mill. With pardon sir, that name is quite vndone,
This true-loue knot cancelles both maid and Nun.
When first you told me I should act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept ore my hart!
To Chesson with a smiling brow I went,
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweete *Raymond* might find better meanes,
To steale me thence: in breefe disguisd he came,
Like Nouice to old father *Hilderham*.
His tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our loue hath ioynd much wit to art.

Cla. Is't euen so!

Mill. With pardon therefore wee intreat your smiles,
Loue thwarted turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

Cla. Young Maister *Ierningham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

Ier. My thoughts, good sir,
Did labour seriously vnto this end,
To wrong my selfe ere ide abuse my friend.

Host. He speakes like a Batchelor of musicke all in Numbers; knights if I had knowne you would haue let this couy of Partridges sit thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe post,

The merry Deuill

I would haue spred my dore with old Couerlids.

Sir Ar. Well sir, for this your signe was remoued, was it?

Host. Faith wee followed the directions of the deuill,
Master *Peter Fabell* and *Smug*, Lord blesse vs, could neuer stand
vpright since.

Sir Ar. You sir, twas you was his minister that married them.

Sir Jo. Sir to proue my selfe an honest man, being that I was
last night in the forrest stealing Venison; now sir to haue you
stand my friend, if that matter should bee calld in question, I
married you daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chaunce to requite you, and make your necke
crack for't.

Sir Jo. If you doe, I am as resolute as my
Neighbour vicar of Waltham Abby: a hem,
Grasse and hay, wee are all mortall,
Lets liue till we be hangd mine host,
And be merry and theres an end.

Fab. Now knights I enter, now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,
From old *Mountchensey*: you sir *Arthur Clare*,
Were minded to haue married this sweete beauty,
To yong *Franke Ierningham*; to crosse which match,
I vsde some pretty sleights, but I protest
Such as but fate vpon the skirts of Art,
No coniurations, nor such weighty spells,
As tie the soule to their performancy:
Theese for his loue who once was my deere puple,
Haue I effected: now mee thinks tis strange,
That you being old in wisdom should thus knit,
Your forehead on this match; since reason failes,
No law can curbe the louers rash attempt,
Yeares in resisting this are sadly spent:
Smile then vpon your daughter and kind sonne,
And let our toyle to future ages proue,
The deuill of Edmonton did good in Loue.

Sir Ar. Well tis in vaine to crosse the prouidence:

Deere

of Edmonton.

Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my hart,
Rise daughter, this is a kind fathers part.

Host. Why Sir George send for Spindles noise, presently,
Ha, er t be night, ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Pri. Grasse and hay, mine host, lets liue till we die, and be
mery and ther s an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready mine Host ?

Host. Tis my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirra ride strait to Chesson Nunry,
Fetch thence my Lady, the house I know,
By this time misses their yong votary :
Come knights lets in.

Bil. I will to horse presentlye sir ; a plague a my Lady, I
shall misse a good breakfast. *Smug* hqw chaunce you cut so
plaguely behind *Smug* ?

Smu. Stand away ; ile founder you else.

Bil. Farewell *Smug*, thou art in another element.

Smu. I will be by and by, I will be Sir George againe,

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himselfe.

Sir Rap. Did we not last night find two S. Georges here.

Fab. Yes Knights, this martialist was one of them.

Cl. Then thus conclude your night of meriment.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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